



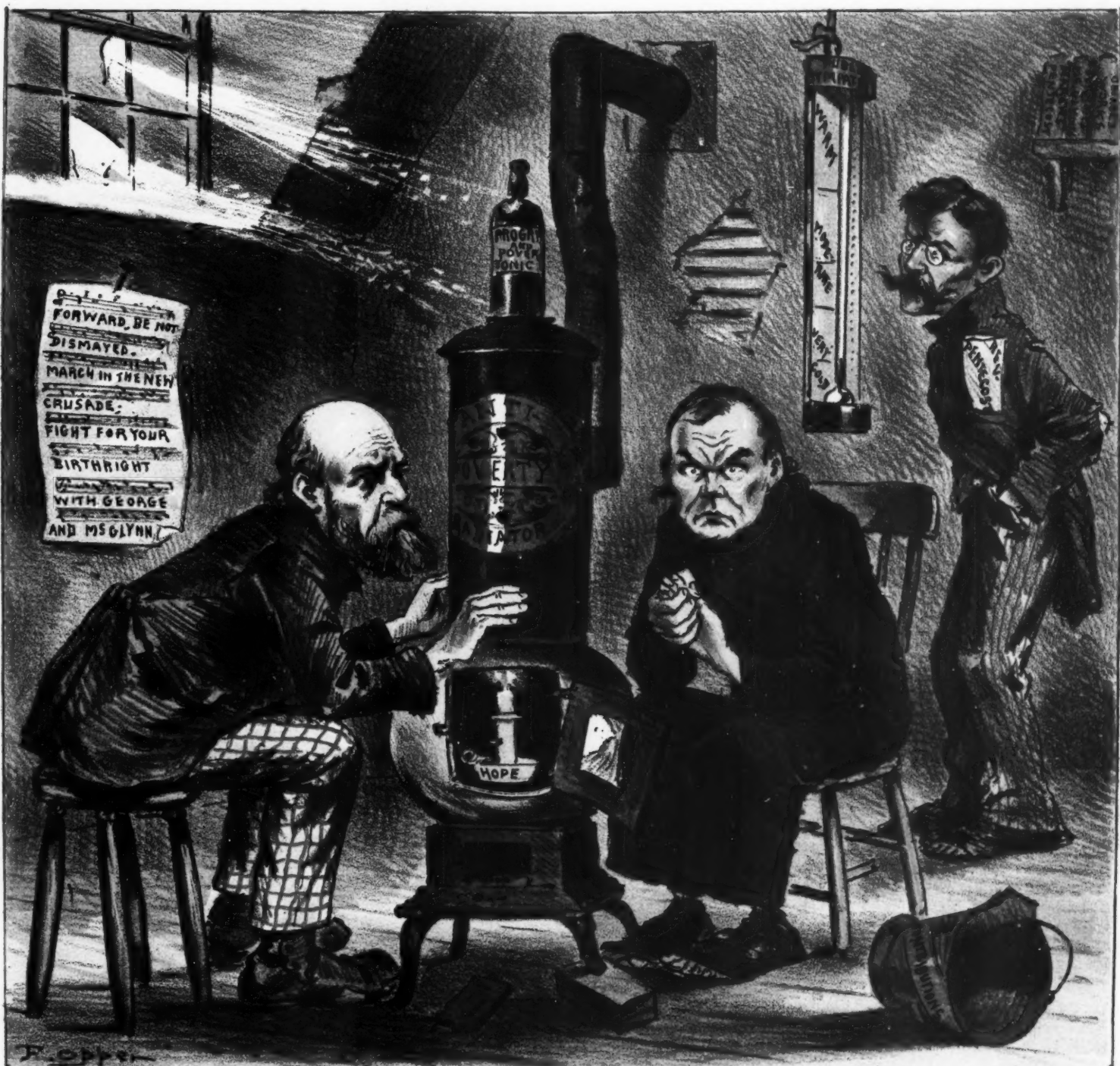
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

2.



COLD, BITTER COLD!



PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Publishers and Proprietors, - Joseph Keppler.
A. Schwarzmann.
Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 25th, 1888. - No. 568.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

COL. GEORGE E. WARING, JR., has written a letter to the *Evening Post*, in which he gives a succinct statement of his case. Col. Waring is a disgusted Republican, and his case is so thoroughly typical of many other cases among the class of intelligent, well-meaning men who support the Republican party, and so significant in itself, that it deserves re-statement here. Col. Waring is widely known, in this country and in Europe, as an engineer notable for his attainments and his achievements. In his letter to the *Evening Post* he tells us something of what may be called his political history. He was a Whig when the Republican party was born. In the hope, as he puts it, of "better things," he joined the new party. He voted for John C. Fremont in 1856. In 1861 he entered the army, and fought for the maintenance of the Union throughout the war. He was active in assisting the party during the "Reconstruction" period. Apparently—he does not mention the subject—he was loyal to the organization when Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes was put in the presidential chair. Certainly he was still a Republican in 1884, when he "withstood the rude shock of Blaine's nomination."

But during a part of this time, at least, Col. Waring has been dissatisfied with the course of his party. He does not tell us the causes for dissatisfaction, further than this, that "one reform after another has failed of support." Perhaps there is a certain significance in the fact that he does not think it necessary to say why he has been dissatisfied. But he tells us frankly that his dissatisfaction has now reached a point where he finds himself "at last compelled to stand aloof and await a better opportunity for useful activity." The disappointments which Col. Waring has experienced have had a cumulative effect, and the latest has carried the aggregate beyond the limit of toleration. It is the action of the party in the matter of Mr. Lamar's nomination for the vacant place in the Supreme court.

"The nomination of that honest, loyal, and patriotic gentleman," he says, "should have been accepted as another seal on the compact of national brotherhood and unity. It has, in fact, been made the pretext for re-opening a sectional strife which the victors should have been glad to see forever closed, as the final, best result of the struggle." And the conclusion to which he comes is expressed in plain and forcible language. "As for me, I have had enough of it. I can not be lashed into line by talk of the tariff, nor by denunciation of the Democrats. If this is all that Republicanism means, it will be better to wait for a party with a heart in it."

We congratulate Col. Waring upon the fact that he now sees what he might have seen some years ago. But we can not but ask him why he has been so long blind, if to-day he can see so clearly. We are glad to have Col. Waring's case for a text, not only because he is a man of distinction; but because he is an excellent representative of the class of men who have upheld the Republican party for years, merely because it is the Republican party. Here is an original Republican, a man who has fought in the volunteer service all through the War of the Rebellion, deliberately reading himself out of the party because, in his own words, it has "elected to follow the sinuous paths of common party tactics." But what other paths has it followed for years and years? Since 1876, what evidence has it given of a sincere desire to serve the country. What reason has any good Republican had to believe that the leaders of his party were honestly trying to serve their country? What reason has he had to believe that their one aim and object was anything save to serve themselves—to get offices and to distribute them?

The events of 1876 and 1877 served to send many Republicans into the Democratic ranks; but we need not dwell on that issue. We have only to ask of the loyal Republican who still holds patriotism above Republicanism what his party has done between 1876 and 1884, when it went out of office. What has it done for the nation? It has given us, we

admit, a few measures like the Edmunds bill which has done something toward the suppression of polygamy in Utah. But if it has given us a few crumbs like this, what a vast quantity of bread has it withheld from us! Try to think what the country has needed in all these years. Think of what it has received. For all this long space of time, a strong party has had control of the government, and has had the disposition of an enormous income, collected by a levy of taxes first imposed in war-times, and most monstrous in a time of peace. So great have been the receipts from this levy that our heavy national debt has reduced itself from \$2,773,236,173, in 1866 to \$1,664,461,536 in 1887, and the public treasury is gorged with a surplus of money, increasing day by day. With this power for good, what has the Republican party done?

It has spent millions at the demand of the Navy Department, and yet to-day we have no navy worthy of the name. We have not even one single man-of-war fit to meet a first-class vessel of any European navy. It has voted millions for the improvement of navigable and unnavigable streams; and has refused to give the money necessary for a proper system of coast-defence. There is not a fort on our coasts that could not be blown out of existence by such war-ships as even the meanest of South American States can own. It has granted hundreds of millions—over eight hundred millions, to be more exact—for pensions to worthy and unworthy soldiers of the late war; and at the same time has neglected the regular army so completely that our military service offers to-day no inducements whatever to able and ambitious men. It has piled up the gigantic surplus that frightens us all, that is a standing menace to the general prosperity, and it has done nothing toward relieving the people of the burden of taxes whose original imposition was excused only by the dire necessities of war. The honest truth is that for twelve years past, at least, the Republican party has given no assurance whatever of a desire to govern the country well and wisely, to correct abuses, to do patriotic duty by the nation that has entrusted it with the conduct of its affairs. It has sought but one thing: the material prosperity of the party—that is, of the politicians who manage the party. It has lived on its record. If Col. Waring, and men like him, had recognized this truth earlier, they need never have received the "rude shock" of the nomination of Blaine.

One great reason why people are slow in learning the truth is found in the distorted mediums through which they are accustomed to look. The man who lives surrounded by the thick, foggy atmosphere of a political party can hardly be expected to see things as they appear when viewed in the clear ether from an independent standpoint. When we seek impressions from the mirrors which our mentors, whether of the stage or of the press, hold up to nature, if the mirror be not an exact plane, we shall get queer and wrong ideas. And it is not reasonable to expect correct judgements when the men whose interest is to show us things as they are not are ever holding up for us the concave or convex glasses which show us things only as they wish them to appear.



CHEEK ON ICE.

MISS KATE.—What makes you tumble down so much?

JACK FROST.—Oh, it makes me tired to see so many poor skaters!



DESPERATE NONCHALANCE.

Mrs. OTTO GETTEM.—Mrs. Sherman, I want to introduce you to Lord Courtenay!
 BOGUS NOBLEMAN (*bound to keep up the illusion of calm, haughty repose*).—Delighted, I asshaw you, Mrs. Sherwood!
 Mrs. SHERMAN (*freezingly*).—Won't you permit me to get you a pillow, Lord Courtenay?
 BOGUS NOBLEMAN.—Thanks, awfully, Mrs. Sherbrook; you may!

JASKER.



R. H. HIRAM JASKER has been very enthusiastic about his Multifunction Adaptable Button-Machine, ever since the invention was perfected and a sample machine put in operation down at the Universal Machine Works.

He has spent most of his time there, in his shirt-sleeves, showing off the machine to everybody who would look at it.

He has had plenty of opportunities to gratify his natural pride, for the machine works is something of an exhibition place, and people go there as they might go to a cathedral or a dime museum.

Mr. Jasker got his great chance the other day, when a party from Washington applied for permission to go through the works. Jasker captured the whole party, and did his best to make them believe that the "Universal" was run merely to make Jasker button-machines.

There were two or three pretty girls, some nice married women, two eminent officials, a half-dozen young men from the legations, and a representative of the Chinese embassy—a sedate, silent, brownish-yellow Mongolian who took the whole show in, and said nothing. He smiled all the time, and looked intelligent; but his presence irritated Jasker.

"What's the use," he asked, when he had taken the party all over the works, and had delivered his regular explanatory lecture on the Machine, "what in blazes is the use of toting that fool Chinaman around in that there yellow night-gown of his, and telling him of the wonders of mechanical science in the nineteenth century? He grins at my machine same as he does at a bar of pig-iron. Durned if I don't show him how she works, in a way that will appeal to his heathen soul! I'll give him a chance to spread the light when he goes home and eats rats in Chow Chow, or wherever he belongs. Hi, China!" he called out, addressing the placid envoy: "want to know how this machine goes?"

The foreign visitor said nothing, but smiled and nodded.

"Well, now," said Jasker: "you get the bird's-nest soup out of your head, and listen and try to catch on. Here's the feed end, see? Tin here, inside stock here, cloth here—start her up, Jim! slow—little pulley—there you are. Now, then, watchee-watchee! Here she goes—" Mr. Jasker illustrated with appropriate movements of his arms, driving his shirt-sleeves wildly through the air: "Ke-chuka ke-chuka! Ke-chuka ke-chuka!—tin—koo-cha ke-choo! koo-cha ke-choo!—stock—" he swung his arms in another time: "and here's the cloth!—koochee koochee koo! koochee koochee koo!—in she goes—get the regulator even, Jim! Come along this way, Wun Lung!"

Jasker was getting warmed up, and he led the Chinaman down the side of the machine, which was long enough for a toboggan-slide. His arms rent the air in wild pantomime.

"This here's the adjuster—see? Shoo-shoo—Shoo-shoo—ke-lank—ke-lunk! Get on to the dies—see 'em?—wanketty wang—wang wang! Wanketty wanketty! Ke-zoom-ah, ke-zam! See 'em work? Hundred and seventy-two buttons every three seconds. Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick!—muchee button—this here—dern him, he ain't got a button on him, the heathen—this here, see?"

Mr. Jasker tapped his own vest buttons, and the Chinese stranger smiled and nodded and nodded again.

"Keep your head on," said Mr. Jasker: "wonder if you're following me, or if you're only looking 'cute just for sprouts? Here's the fastener—are you there?—sews 'em up—" his hands flew in circles: "Kitchikung—kitchikung—kitchikung—Johnny-kitchikung-kitchikung!—here she goes—ke-choo, kitcha lang, ke-choo, kitcha lang! a-wang ang a-wang—a-wang ang a-wang—right into the finisher—woosha-wisha, woosha-wisha, woosha-wisha! Hear the waste-trap—be-jum, be-jum!"

Jasker's arms had been going like windmill sails. They suddenly made two simultaneous dives as though he were scrubbing on a washboard.

"Kooka ka-loo," he resumed: "kooka kalolla, kalolla! Here's where they come out, all finished and fastened, ready for sale. Feed in raw material at one end, and get your buttons at the other. Buttons—buttons—does he know what a button is, anyway? Hi, there, washee, catch on?—make the choo-choo go, and there you are—button—button—button—sabe?—button!"

Perspiring with enthusiasm and exertion, Mr. Jasker held a sample product of the machine under the nose of his silent and impassive visitor. "See?" he demanded.

"Yes," said the Chinese envoy: "I see. A triple feed, synchronized, with reciprocating dies. I examined a machine on the same principle when I was studying at Yale College, but I think it was a little easier to manage."



THE MORNING BATH.



THE BABY'S a regular despot—
At morn he cries in his wrath
To be taken out of his cradle
And put in his dark-green bath.

When he once gets into the water
He raises a merry shout;
When the nurse-girl for him reaches,
He won't be taken out:

But at her he madly splashes
And raises a hulla-balloo—
He gets his bath from the nurse-girl,
She gets one from him, too.

HOW TO ADVERTISE A NEW PAPER.

OCCASIONALLY THE proprietor of some budding newspaper appeals to the genial and cultured journalistic fraternity for an original method of advertising his new publication. All outstanding cash prizes are claimed by the following suggestion, which is warranted to make the desired impression upon the most disinterested member of a community.

Put in a telephone, and secure a full list of the numbers and station addresses of the company's patrons. Then assign a gentleman, with a mild insinuating voice, to the tube and start off in this way, performing the same operation upon each and every subject:

NEWSPAPER OFFICIAL.—Hello, No. 1! Who is this?

VOICE OF THE TELEPHONE.—Dis vos de office of Ike Strauss und Bruder.

N. O. (*joyously*).—Ah, indeed! Mr. Strauss, I have important advice to tender you.

V. OF THE T. (*anxiously*).—Vot vos id?

N. O.—(*very earnestly*).—Are you quite prepared to receive the confidential warning of a friend?

V. OF THE T. (*rather shaky*).—Gott in Himmel! V-vot vos de madder anyvays? Who vos dis?

N. O. (*basso profundo*).—Seek not to fathom the identity of your adviser, but heed only his words. Now for the dread secret—are you ready?

V. OF THE T. (*breathlessly*).—Y-yah!

N. O.—BUY THE *Morning News*. ONE CENT! (*Switches off quickly.*)

V. OF THE T. ————!!
———!!———!!!
———!!!

Walter S. Murphy.

IT IS MUCH EASIER to be a poet than not to be one, and we wish some young men who are now buying postage-stamps would remember this fact.



—ground!"

"A trifle farther yet—I guess this is the spot; now just hand me a hook and some string, and I'll have this picture up in a jiffy. I tell you, I understand hanging pictures right down to the—"

"No, THANK YOU, stranger," said the gentleman from Dakota as the car-porter offered him the dressing-room comb: "I never could play on one of them things. I ain't what you'd call musical, an' my moustache everlastingly tears the paper."

WHEN A GOLD-MINE stops working, it is simply because it is not in the vein for it.

RUNNING A-MUCK creates a lively mêlée.

"I'M GETTING ON with that girl," he said to his friend: "She gave me this pencil last Christmas."

"Well, it's only a sick little celluloid thing," said his friend, contemptuously: "I don't believe it cost a dollar."

"My boy," solemnly returned the experienced wooer: "spending seventy-five cents over the counter for a plum-jamb manufactured present means more to her than chucking five dollars worth of silk-floss flummajigs into a handkerchief-case that she makes herself. You don't know 'em yet, my friend."



"I guess I'll put it here, or—a little farther over."

some. By the way, your looks resemble Many Citizens in some respects. Do you know him?"

"Of course I do! We are first cousins. Are you acquainted with Taxpayer?"

"Very well. He and Constant Reader live on our street. I met Anxious Inquirer as I came in. You know him, I suppose?"

"Only by sight; but I am very well acquainted with Junius and Vox Populi."

"And More Anon?"

"No, I have never met him; but Old Subscriber and I have been close friends since boyhood."

"It occurs to me, my dear sir, that Editors would find great difficulty in conducting their papers if it were not for us."

"That is very true, sir. I have often thought of it. And yet we are not appreciated—that is, not properly appreciated."

"Properly appreciated! We are not appreciated at all. Ah, here comes the Editor up the stairs!"

When the Great Man had seated himself upon his throne, Veritas approached humbly, made a low obeisance, and handed to the Editor a roll of manuscript giving exhaustive views on the "Best Method of Reforming the Obituary Column."

Wm. H. Siviter.

THE TIME has gone by when it was a good business move to give a chromo to every buyer of a pound of tea. A pound of tea is now given away with every chromo—and it hardly seems an adequate inducement.

A PROMINENT CHICAGO ARTIST is busy on a new work in still-life. The real title is not yet made public; but Chicago people are mostly of the opinion that it is to be "A Picture of St. Louis."

THE ARCHERY CRAZE within its grave It winked with grim and ghoulish glee; And said to the big Toboggan Slide: "As I am now, so you must be!"



IT REQUIRED JUDGEMENT.



"You women don't know how to hang pictures—takes a man to do it!"

SOME OLD FRIENDS MEET.

"IT SEEMS TO ME I have seen you before," remarked a man in the Editor's Sanctum to another who was waiting to see the Editor.

"Quite likely," replied the other: "And since I look at you closely, your face seems quite familiar. Your name is—"

"My name is Veritas. You have seen it in the paper often?"

"Yes, indeed! Mine is Justitia. You recognize it at once?"

"Certainly I do! You look so much like Observer, though, that I was undecided whether you were he."

"I have been told that before, and consider it quite a compliment, for Observer is considered very handsome."

PLAYING OFF.



HERE is always something amusing about a person who is playing off. The boy who is playing off sick, that he may not have to go to school, is funny; but not half so funny as the funniest of all players-off—the sick man playing off well.

It is usually the man with the trade-mark of death stamped all over him who informs you he is perfectly sound and healthy.

On a rainy day, he makes it a point not to wear his overshoes or carry an umbrella. His friend meets him, and is simply aghast at his folly.

"You'll kill yourself if you keep on in this way!" he says.

"Kill myself?" the sick man repeats with a pleasant smile: "why, there's nothing the matter with me!"

"Did n't the doctor tell you to be careful in wet weather?"

"Yes; but he also told me I could live only two years. If I had lived but the two years, I should be dead six years by this time; so I don't feel it necessary to follow the orders of a doctor who shoots so wide of the mark."

"But why don't you button your coat up?"

"For fear of taking cold," says the sick man: "a buttoned coat is like the hair on a horse in winter. It only generates perspiration that gives you a cold. If I were not afraid of being laughed at, I should wear summer clothes all winter, to keep from taking cold, just as the horse is clipped during the reign of frost for the same reason."

"But how is it that you always stay home in fine weather, and insist on going to the city when it's stormy?"

"Why simply," says the sick man, "to harden myself. If I only go out in fine weather, I will become as sensitive as a hot-house plant. I always make it a point to be home in fine weather, that I may wade through the water that the storm has put into the cellar. After I have bailed it out, I am so thoroughly soaked that I can wring torrents out of my boots and hat. Then I go around for an hour or two in my wet garments, that I may harden myself. The only way to enjoy health is to defy its laws."

Then the sick man pounds his chest, and tells you that he has already outlived two doctors who were in perfect health when they told him he had n't a year to live. And how he did n't take the medicine they prescribed, but indulged in every luxury that was strictly forbidden by them.

If he regards you a specimen of perfect health and manly vigor, he impresses on you, in a subtle way, the fact that in all probability you are not as sound as you seem, and that you could not stand a siege of sickness so well as he could. He takes you calmly aside and tells you, as a friend, that you are coddling yourself too much; that you are making a sensitive plant of yourself.

"You know," he says, "that often that man is sickest who is the picture of health. Many a man who has never known a sick day drops off in the middle of an after-dinner speech. You make a great mistake in being so careful. Go out occasionally in the slush with broken boots, as I do. It is a good thing to have a great deal of sickness when you're young; for then you know how to fight it in your old age. That's the reason we have so many ailments in our infancy. I would n't give a cent for your chances if you were taken down."

That's the way the sick man who is playing off well talks. There is

nothing the matter with him, and no one would ever suspect there was if the doctor did n't say so.

So he works in the yard at sawing wood to show his strength, and wears no overcoat or rubbers in the winter. The latter he tells you about with the same breath which informs you that he takes a cold bath in a cold room every morning, and dances on oil cloth in his bare feet to keep up the circulation of his blood.

In the summer time he lies on the damp grass, and exposes himself to other dangers, in order to show you how hard and vigorous he is. And after awhile he must succeed in persuading himself that he is really as sound and solid as a rock. The ostrich-like appetite, that might be called the bride or handmaiden of his malady, he laughingly sets forth as an indication of the kind of health that farmers boast of; and if he admits being at all under the weather, which he seldom does, he calls it indigestion, and says it will disappear just as soon as it is warm enough for him to begin canoeing.

The poor man playing off rich to get credit, is as amusing as the rich man playing off poor to secure an extension. But these two together, and the game dealer playing off a skinned cat for a rabbit, are not half as funny as the sick man playing off well. Because the actions of the latter display a minuteness of detail that is absolutely charming; and, instead of deceiving you, he simply deceives himself.

He continues the performance until it becomes natural and a part of him, until finally he firmly believes that he is no more an invalid than is the average athlete.

R. K. M.

RICHES DO NOT always bring happiness; but they often hold it long enough for a fellow to put salt on its tail.

IT'S A WARM day for a man when he makes a cool thousand.

MRS. CASSIDY. — Why don't you come down and see me, Mrs. M'Ginnis? MRS. M'GINNIS. — And it's you that's talkin', Mrs. Cassidy; and not a sight did I see of ye since last Aisther! Sure, if I lived as near to you as you do to me, I'd be droppin' in every week!

IT'S A GREAT thing to have an indulgent husband, provided he does n't indulge too frequently.

A CORRESPONDENT INQUIRES if the reason that so many corporations are on their uppers nowadays is because they have no soles.

THE KIND of reed-bird we get at present in most of our city restaurants will stand up on the toast and cry "chestnut," if you say "Keep off the grass!" to them.

RELIGION A SPECIALTY.

OLD MR. BENTLY. — I hear that the Cadwalladers pay a thousand dollars a year for their pew in the Church of the Holy St. Swell.

OLD MRS. BENTLY. — Goodness! They must be very religious folks!



WHY IS IT?

WE SPENT the Summer by the sea,
Together gayly swam and flirted;
Her lissome limbs, from toe to knee,
Were freely left to kick unskirted.
But, if her buttoned body slipped,
A glimpse of snowy shoulders showing,
She'd quickly pin the place that ripped,
While blushes on her face were glowing.

To-night I take her to the ball.
She cometh down — a dream elysian,
As bare as Eve's before the fall —
Her shoulders are, a lovely vision.
Enchained, I gaze from head to foot —
Beneath her soft skirts' silky laces
There peeps a dainty little boot;
She draws it back — how red her face is!

Maudie Annulet Andrews.



THE FUNNY WINDOW PANE.

BOBBY SPEAKS.



WE HAVE a funny window pane
That makes all objects seem
Like topsy-turvy things we see
In some fantastic dream.

It shows me nature as it's not,
Gets all grotesquely wrong;
It makes the man who's very thin
Look broader than he's long;

It makes the corn-crib sadly warp;
It makes the pond a hill;
It makes the fence that's long and straight
Just ripple like a rill;

It makes the cock an ostrich tall;
It makes the cat a pard;
It makes the gardener's pleasant smile
A smile of half a yard.

The bull-dog is a great hop-toad,
While in the sun he squats;
The horse looks crooked, with his legs
Tied up in funny knots.

And I'd be sorry if through life
My fate should be to pass
With eyes that could distort things like
That funny pane of glass.

R. K. M.

RANDOM REMARKS.

WE ARE permitted to lay before our readers, at great expense, the concluding passage of Mr. W. D. H-w-lls's neat novel, "September Scruples":

"No, Bartley," she said decisively: "I can never marry you. You know now that my father lays his napkin over both knees; and though you may think now that you can forget it, how will it be in the long years to come? Will not the day arrive when in your heart you will despise me?"

"Bartley turned away. He was conscious of a sensation of faintness. It seemed to him that it would be a very long time until dinner."

IT NEVER reduces the size of a claim against the Government to file it.

"ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL," she said to her husband, as they sat down to dinner in the sunny little dining-room where she kept her window-garden: "isn't it beautiful to catch the first delicate intimation of the coming spring, and to know that Nature is stirring at the roots of plant and flower? See how my bulbs are just peeping out with their tender green shoots!"

"Yes, my dear," he replied: "and these potatoes have sprouted, as sure as guns."

IT DOES N'T DO to call an aged male nigger "uncle." If he knows his business, he will always ask if it was n't your father that he used to wait on when he was butler at Governor Pinckney's, and whether you have n't got a quarter 'bout yo' fo' de poo' ole man.

WE DON'T BELIEVE the real, genuine, out-and-out, ring-tailed fly-fisherman—the fellow who talks about "killing" salmon, and despises the juicy worm—we don't believe that he has much more fun, really, in this unappreciative world, than a Wagnerite at a minstrel-show.



THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN RUM.

T. ADOLPHUS PRICELY (who has just made a terrific slide for life down the icy high stoop of the paternal domicile to the sidewalk. Time: 2:30 A. M. Addressing friendly Cop who offers to help him to rise).—Jud-g-ment!

HE HAS BEEN HERE.



DELEGATE (on his return home to Sagadahoc).—I tell yeou, Sary, them New York fellers is daisies! Full 'r fun ez a hick'ry nut is 'r meat! I'm goin' ag'in nex' year.

"WILL YOU examine my circulation?" said the Spider to the Fly: "It's the prettiest circulation that ever you did spy."

Said the Fly unto the Spider: "I prefer to stay right here, And coddle my honest mortgage, and indulge in the lightsome sneer."

"WHAT ARE you going to say of my Iago," asked the trembling actor of the great dramatic critic.

"Well, Sugarcured," said the critic: "you're a friend of mine, and I don't want to hurt you; but your Iago was so thundering bad that I'm afraid I shall have to call it a careful and conscientious performance."

The actor buried his face in his hands. "It must have been awful!" he said.

ONE OF THE biggest things about a sense of humor is that it tells you when not to be humorous.

YOUNG MOTHER.—When your baby smiles in his sleep the angels are whispering to him. A little peppermint and water will remove the symptoms.

MANY A MAN has come to his senses after marriage and realized that what he took for mutual love was merely community of sentiment as to the quality of the boarding-house table.

BASE-BALL is naturally in season during fly-time. Just at present an occasional fly is found on the warm side of the house, and the national game is played pretty regularly in the newspaper. Modesty compels us to draw the foul-line right here.

THE REINDEER sledge is the Eskimotor.

URANUS WOULD make a good temperance constellation, although he is only seen in the act of pouring water to a fish.

"E PUR SE MUOVE."

The trouble with Pulitzer seems to be that he is moving on.



TIP ON THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of Puck — Sir:

I have been for the past two years a constant reader of your valuable paper. I think it is pretty generally correct in its estimates of men and things, and I believe it is conscientiously endeavoring to use all of its influence to bring about a better condition of political and social life in the United States. Having said this, I desire to call your attention to the fact that you are wrong, totally wrong, in coming out flat-footed for free trade. I hope to convince you, in the course of these few remarks, that instead of a lessening of tariff on imports, we want increased duties and more protection.

A short time ago I visited one of our western cities, and, as I was passing along the main street, I heard lively music from a brass band stationed on the balcony of a very large building, which I observed was a mammoth clothing store. From the upper windows hung flags of all nations, and in the lower windows were displayed quantities of clothing, each garment bearing the placard, "Half Price To-day." It occurred to me that this was a good opportunity to replace my trousers, which had become unreliable in spots, with a new pair; so I entered the store.

"Please let me see some trousers," I said to the pleasant-looking young man who came forward to greet me.

"Pants? Yes, sir; just step right down this way; stand straight up, please. Thirty-eight by thirty-one; stout, ain't you? Want something pretty good? Well, there's a pair for five dollars, good val — too loud? Well — something a little better, eh; how do you like them? Eight dollars; those pants would cost you ten or eleven dollars in the custom department; nice pattern, and made in first-class style."

"Eight dollars," said I: "I suppose they are four dollars to-day."

"No half price on pants," came the answer prompt and decisive: "only the overcoats and boys' suits at half price."

I went into the dressing room, put on the trousers, and stepped out in front of the mirror. At the same time an old farmer came over from one of the counters with a new overcoat on, and I heard him say to the salesman:

"That ain't so bad, is it?"

"Well, I should say not," answered the salesman.

"Le's see; this one was —"

"A dollar and a half."

Do not start, Mr. Editor. I am relating an actual occurrence, every detail of which was exactly as I am telling it. The coat was one dollar and fifty cents. I was startled at the price, but even more startled at the fact that the farmer appeared pleased with the coat. I looked at it. As near as I could judge, it was made of jute burlaps, oakum, and gum-arabic. The farmer took it, and marched out with it on, as proud as one of his own scare-crows.

What has this to do with the tariff? Let us see.

This store was full of farmers, buying such coats as I have described. There is a duty on wool. To remove the duty would be to cheapen woolen clothing, and to do that would place woolen overcoats in direct com-

petition with these goods, driving them out of the market and ruining our jute burlaps, oakum and gum-arabic clothing industry. Is it not plain that what we want is a higher tariff on jute burlaps, oakum, and gum-arabic, thus enabling our manufacturers to get better prices for this grade of clothing? The farmers will buy the clothes, and the rest of us will take care of the woolen industry, as I helped to do when I took the eight dollar trousers.

This is but one illustration of the benefits of a protective tariff. I intended to present more; but I have already taken up as much space in your columns as I ought, perhaps, considering that I have been a "constant reader" for less than nine years.

Yours very truly,

Morris Waite.

A PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENT.

The bob-tailed car had been detained about twenty minutes by a balky animal, when a solemn-visaged and "rheumatically" old gentleman laboriously worked his way off the car, and walking up to the beast, gravely deposited a nickel in its right ear.

"What in thunder are yer a-doin'?" yelled the irate driver.

"Oh," calmly replied the O. G., "I merely wished to ascertain by personal experiment if I could really demonstrate the existence of any foundation of truth to the ancient scientific formula: 'Money makes the mare go.'"

Then the driver used — Volapük.

A CARVING KNIFE has been invented, the handle of which contains a small receptacle for dynamite. It is used for carving ducks.

"YES," SAID THE YOUNG man from Philadelphia, "I am about to start a paper at Boomville, Kansas; and, as I intend to make it first-class in every respect, I propose to register it at the post-office as *first-class matter*. No second-class paper for yours truly." And he gave a genuine Quaker wink.

BOUND IN RUSSIA —
The Nihilist.

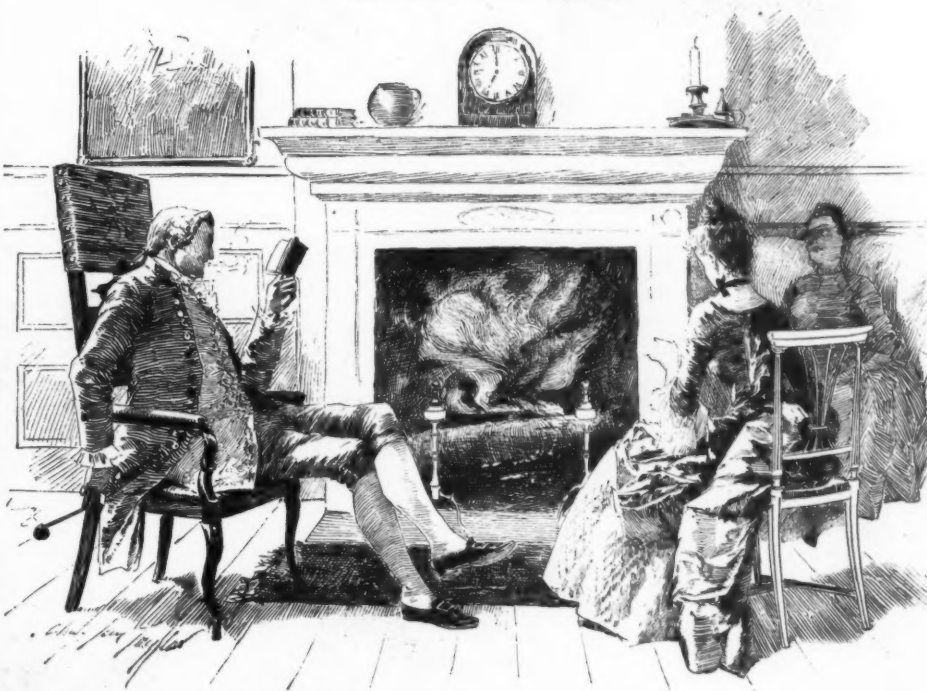
EVERYTHING HAS BEEN serene and peaceful, recently, so far as riots are concerned, in Ireland. It should be remembered, however, that just at present the earth is frozen so stiff that stones and bricks can not be lifted therefrom.

WE ARE TOLD that walking up hill is the best thing for increasing the circulation. If we were inclined to be mean, we could mention some E. C.'s that might benefit themselves by leasing the Alps.

WE ARE a receptive nation, and quick to learn, yet we should not be too brash. It is not so long since a man was away up in G in matters of decorative art if he could call a Kakemono by name when he saw it.

THIS IS the time the naked trees
In the cyclone bend and whine;
This is the time that the snowflakes freeze
And bright lace make of the vine;
This is the time that the sky's clear blue,
And the earth is as white as death;
And the owl is afraid to hoot "to whoo!"
For fear of freezing his breath.

THE DEAR OLD TIMES.



Ah, yes, the quiet life they used to lead in those days sitting before the dear old open fire-place, with the great back log smouldering — all conducive to tender thoughts and romantic attachments. But —



— no one has ever mentioned the dear old blow-downs they used to have from that dear old fire-place.

J. NEPPLER

JIM THE GIANT-KILLER — BY PROXY.

McMURRAY, LITH. PRESS BOSTON, U. S. A.



PUCK.



SENATOR MORRILL'S GREAT SPEECH.

As it was overheard by W. A. CROFFUT, during Rehearsal.

TEXT: "It is our duty, it seems to me, to retain the revenue tax on tobacco and alcoholic spirits, and reduce the tariff on the Laborer's clothing, food and other necessities of life."—Grover Cleveland.

Senator MORRILL, of Vermont, the father of the Senate, will rise in his seat with the above text in his hand, and excitedly remark:

Reform is demanded, as all will allow;
The Surplus is big and the burden is heavy;
The Revenue must be diminished, but how
Depends on the species of taxes we levy.
All I have hinted at during the Session
As sources from which it should come,
Might be conveyed in the simple expression,
"Spare Tobacco and Rum!"

CHORUS, BY SHERMAN, EDMUNDS AND FRYE (while the orator waltzes gracefully up and down the aisle):

Slap all the tax on poor folk's backs,
But spare Tobacco and Rum!

The grades of Tobacco, as all will allow,
Are vital essentials of human existence;
No race ever grew to be famous, I trow,
Without its expectoratory assistance;
Woolen coats, jackets, and blankets, and
dresses

Are counted in Luxury's sum —
So I repeat what the sentence expresses,
"Spare Tobacco and Rum!"



CHORUS, BY HOAR, HAWLEY AND HISCOCK (while the Orator waltzes gracefully, etc.):

Slap all the tax on poor folk's backs,
But spare Tobacco and Rum!

Rum is a friend when Adversity racks;
It makes the heart warmer and moves
the pulse quicker;
Always it tortures me when there's a tax
Laid on that Primal Necessity—Liquor!
People can live without blankets or
jackets —

Tax them and voters are dumb —
Wherefore I shout, amid Revenue's rackets,
"Spare Tobacco and Rum!"



CHORUS BY PLATT, PLUMB AND PALMER (While the, etc.):

Slap all the tax on poor folk's backs,
But spare Tobacco and Rum!

Taxes of fifty-odd millions a year
Laid upon Liquor inspire me with loathing;
Let us repeal 'em and not interfere
With a similar tax on the Laborer's clothing.
Duty on food and apparel ne'er vexes
Aught the industrial scum —
So, as I said, in apportioning taxes,
Spare Tobacco and Rum!



FULL CHORUS, BY STANFORD, STEWART, STOCKBRIDGE and other Republican Senators, (who join hands and dance around the Father of the War-Tariff in a ring, singing):

All we shall advocate during the Session
As sources from which it should come,
May be conveyed in the simple expression,
"Spare Tobacco and Rum!"
Slap all the tax on poor folk's backs,
But spare Tobacco and Rum!

(Two or three New England Senators, and ten from the West, moodily refuse to sing, and slide off into the cloak-room to consult.)



A STRANGER WAS caught in the recent Montana blizzard, snowed under for four days, and was about giving up hope, when a rescuing party dug down on him. As the first shovel struck through the roof of his tomb, he moaned: "Excuse me, gentlemen; but if we drink in celebration of this event, I move that we make it a Dutch treat;" and the sturdy Northmen, as they covered him up again, remarked in a chorus: "Pack him down hard, boys! He's from Boston!"

"DO YOU ENJOY the sport?" asked Commodore Rondout, of Poughkeepsie, as the ice-boat luffed a little.

"Enjoy it? I adore it!" was Miss Raker's reply: "I have n't been so fast since I was at the Pequot House, New London, last summer."

WHEN PADDY RYAN met John L. the second time, he was literally warmed over.



THE TRIALS OF YOUTH.

YOUNG CUBLEY (who has n't caught sight of the apparition).—It's your ante, Billings!

MRS. BILLINGS.—No, it is not. It's his mother! Don't you think it's about time all you little boys were in bed?

A PHILADELPHIA MAN has just expressed himself as being horrified on learning that Gov. Harry Hill has his eye on the Presidency.

WHAT HER eyebrow said to a society belle: "I'm not half as black as I'm painted."

IT IS SAID that if a man wants to be completely lost to the world he must be Vice-President of the United States. But Hannibal Hamlin, to make doubly sure of oblivion, settled in Brooklyn at the end of his official term.

A BROOKLYN MAN saw a robin in Prospect Park the other day, and wanted to know of the *Sun* where it was going. It was going to New York, of course.

WHEN THE weather becomes so cold that the sneak thief freezes to your ulster, that is the time that the coal literally melts away.

TO ANY ONE

DESIROUS OF BUYING FORTY SWARMS OF BEES AT AUCTION.

AUCTION!

== 40 ==

SWARMS OF BEES

Will be sold to the highest bidder at the

WM. H. WELLS ESTATE.

AT

SATSUMA LANDING,

On the ST. JOHN'S RIVER, on

Thursday, December 8,

1887.

A. J. BEACH.

Administrator Wm. H. Wells Estate.

Printed by News Steam Printing Co.

BEE-MAN, LIKE the agile puma,
You had better skip along
To the Landing of Satsuma,
Climé of flower, love and song.

There where dines the alligator
On the traveler, elate,
A. J. Beach, Administrator
Of the William Wells Estate,

Will unto the highest bidder
Sell just forty swarms of bees,
On the farmstead, in consider-
ation of the Law's decrees.

Satsuma is well located
On the river called St. John's—
He will see the sale-day stated
Who the little handbill cons.

And that handbill, which Kamschatka,
China, Spain and Greece must know,
Comes to us from the Palatka
News Steam Printing Co.

If the wealth of Montezuma
Should be cast our feet before,
Of those bees, or of Satsuma,
We could tell you nothing more.

R. K. M.

IT IS EASY to like Wagner; but it is hard on
kindly human nature to have to stomach
the Wagnerites.

WE WARM our soles at a register, and our
souls at an open fire. The pun in this
goes in on the same ticket with the fact.

SOME PEOPLE are like the *mephitis Americana*
—death gives them their only value.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON says he dreams
his stories. "Oh, do not wake him, let
him dream again!" But give us a sharp stick and
we will keep Mr. Rider Haggard awake.

IT IS SAID that Baby Bunting has by-owed
very little since the verdict.

IT MAKES the Tuxedonians shiver, sometimes,
to think how mighty close Tuxedo came to
being in New Jersey.

WE WONDER if Eve said "I told you so!" to
Adam, when the order of eviction arrived.

CLEANING UPSETS two things badly—a house
and a watch.

"THAT'S THE best cigar in Jersey City," said
the dealer: "if that had a collar on it,
you would n't know it from a five-cent straight!"

"I DIDN'T SEE YOU at church last Sunday,"
remarked Mr. Blite to Jack Potts, the
other day.

"No, you did n't," said Mr. Potts: "and I'll
tell you what it is, Blite; the sooner you get
over that habit of yours of gawking around the
house of prayer to see who's on hand the better
for your standing in the church. I saw the Rev-
erend Mr. Chasuble yester-
day, and he said that if you
could n't pay any attention
to what was going on, he
did n't see why you went to
church at all. Necktie un-
der your ear again, Blite.
That's better. Good morn-
ing."

THE HUMAN SNAKE—HIS LAST APPEARANCE.



POLICEMAN.—I'll club ther head off ov yez!



HUMAN SNAKE.—Is that so?

IT COST TOO MUCH.

The Sad Experience which Befell one of the
Astors.

In the early days of the direct tea trade with China,
importers were anxious to secure the earliest cargoes of
a new crop.

The fastest clipper ships were engaged in the trade.
Great haste in loading them was followed by a hot race
to reach New York first.

The first cargo brought the best price and large profits.
The successful Captain was always rewarded, so every
known aid to navigation was adopted.

The young captain of one of Mr. Astor's clippers
bought, on one of his trips, a new chronometer, and with
its aid made a quick passage, and arrived first. He put
the price of it into the expense account of the trip, but
Mr. Astor threw it out, insisting that such an item of ex-
pense for new fangled notions could not be allowed.

The Captain thereupon resigned and took service with
a rival line.

The next year he reached port long in advance of any
competitor, to the great delight and profit of his employ-
ers, and the chagrin of Mr. Astor.

Not long after they chanced to meet, and Mr. Astor
inquired:

"By the way, Captain, how much did that chronome-
ter cost you?"

"Six hundred dollars;" then, with a quizzical glance,
he asked:

"And how much has it cost you, Mr. Astor?"

"Sixty thousand dollars."

Men are often unfortunate in the rejection of what they
call new-fangled notions.

There are sick men who refuse, even when their phy-
sicians tell them they can not help them, to take War-
ner's safe cure, because it is a "new-fangled" proprie-
tary medicine. The result is they lose—life and health.

Thousands of other men have been restored to health
by it, as the testimonials furnished to the public show.
These testimonials can not be doubted. The proprietors
have a standing offer of \$5,000 to any one who will show
that any testimonial published by them is not, so far as
they know, entirely true.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, Fellow of the Royal Society of
Edinburgh, the editor of "Health," London, Eng., says
in his magazine, in answer to an inquiry: "Warner's
safe cure is of a perfectly safe character, and perfectly
reliable."

The refusal of a manufacturing firm to pay for the pa-
tent of a new invention by one of their workman, cost
them their entire business. A new firm took out the
patent and were soon enabled to make goods enough
cheaper to drive the old firm out of business; and many
a physician is daily finding his patients, long-time chronic
invalids, unaccountably restored to health by the use of
the new kidney specific. New-fangled notions are some-
times very valuable, and it costs too much to foolishly re-
ject them.

The name of "SOMMER & CO." upon a Piano is a guarantee
of its excellence.

The Paris letter about advertising, to Mr. S. R. Niles of Boston,
from the largest retail establishment in the world, is a handsome
testimonial to an old and experienced agent whose work has been
skillfully performed. It emphasizes in a striking manner wherein
Mr. Niles' experience and ability are of great value to advertisers,
and we are very glad to have the opportunity to endorse their
opinion of him. The letter says:

"We beg to express to you our entire satisfaction with the care
and zeal you have shown in the execution of our last advertising
order, and take this opportunity to cordially recognize the exact-
ness, promptness and circumspection which you have devoted for
several years past to all the publicity entrusted to you, as well as
the judicious choice of journals selected for our benefit." 146



HARDMAN, PECK & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS.
Warerooms, 138 FIFTH AVE.

CLERK OF COURT.—Well, gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?

FOREMAN.—We have.

CLERK.—What say you? Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?

FOREMAN.—We do.

CLERK.—You do! Do what?

FOREMAN.—We find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty.

CLERK.—But, gentlemen, you must explain—

FOREMAN.—Of course! You see, six of us find him guilty, and six of us find him not guilty, so we've agreed—to let it go at that.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.

Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

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think
Fred Brown's
Ginga
is only good in warm
weather—Try it when
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with hot water & singes
and repeat result if im-
satisfactory—

Fair White Hands.
Bright Clear Complexion.
Soft Healthful Skin.

Pearl's Soap

PEARS' SOAP

Most Economical
Wears to
Thinness of a Wafer.

For the Nursery.
For the Toilet.
For Shaving.

Whether to help the basso's tone
Accompany the high soprano,
Or play for music all alone
Sohmer can make the best piano.

ASK FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S

For Liebig
TRADE MARK

EXTRACT of MEAT

and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of
Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK
across label.

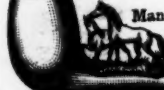
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HANDSOME LASTING
AT DRUGGISTS OR MAILED.

Professionally named "The Hygeian Brush." "The
best cleanser and polisher of the teeth known."—*N. Y.*
Tribune. "Unequalled for benefit, excellence and
economy." Bristle "Head," best "Florence" make,
fitting above holder, 15c. Set 75c, or sold separately.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

C. WEIS,



designs. Catalogue free. Please mention Puck.

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Broadway N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker
Street, and Vienna, Austria. Sterling
Silver-mounted Pipes and
Bowls made up in newest

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Spring 1888.

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warmly recommended to all invalids.
Whoever entertains any doubt as to which of the many
advertised Remedies would be the most efficacious and
suitable for his particular complaint, should at once pro-
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NO MAN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH THE CUTICURA REMEDIES ARE HELD BY THE THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS WHOSE LIVES HAVE BEEN MADE HAPPY BY THE CURE OF AGONIZING, HUMILIATING, ITCHING, SCALY, AND PIMPLY DISEASES OF THE SCALP, AND BLOOD, WITH LOSS OF HAIR.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

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SPECIAL Cuts

are the Finest High-class Cigarettes.
Packages of
Latest English, White-Caps, Full Dress.

SPECIAL FAVOURS,
(Club size)

KINNEY TOBACCO CO., Successor, New York.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$5.00 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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212 State St., Chicago.

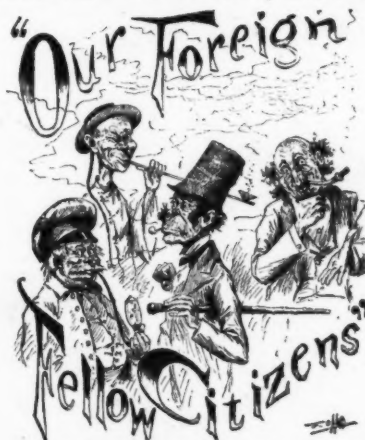
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by mail, to one address, 50 cents.

CHICAGO Anarchists have been pretty quiet since the execution there a few months ago. Hanging seems to improve Anarchists—the live as well as the dead ones.—*Norristown Herald.*

SOME one has discovered that the new Servian ministry is composed of "ics"—viz: "Guics, Franzovics, Velimirovics, Vogics, Papovics and Gerhics." New York city can "see" Servia and go her one better. The Empire city is governed largely by "Mics."—*Norristown Herald.*

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 17

STYLO & FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for circular. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality Gold Pen. Stylo \$1; Fountain, \$2, and up.
J. ULLRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., N. Y.

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To the greatest of winter festivities multitudes will be attracted by the low rates and unrivaled train service offered by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. For particulars address,
E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

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by the

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY,

connecting with fastest trains on Union and Central Pacific, is the most attractive transcontinental service ever offered the public. Individuals or excursion parties will realize the highest degree of comfort by using this route.

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STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
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CATARRH positively cured by the great German Remedy. Sample pkge. and book for 4 cts. in stamps. E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn. 400

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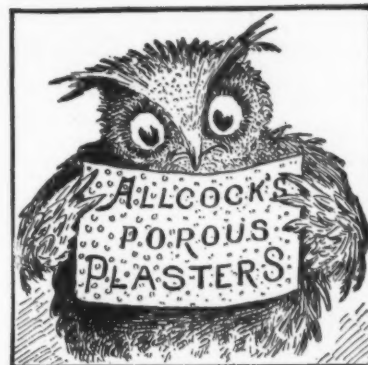
(H. HEWITT'S PATENT—America, 295,395; Britain, 429.)



The most important improvement in Steel Pens since first introduced. For writing in every position—never scratch nor spurt—hold more ink and last longer. Seven sorts, suitable for ledger, bold, rapid, or professional writing. Price, \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross. Buy an assorted sample box for 35 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.



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ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS act safely, promptly, and effectually; do not burn or blister, but soothe and relieve while curing.

They are the STANDARD REMEDY for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver and Stomach Affections, Strains, and all Local Pains.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentations.

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PARTNER with cash capital of \$5,000 wanted, for the extension of the manufacture of a patented article. Has been in the market 3 years, and is endorsed by the highest authorities. Only a reliable man need apply. Address: A. B., Puck Office, N. Y. 139

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa. 426

\$25 A WEEK and upwards positively secured by men agents selling Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belt, Suspensory, etc., and by ladies selling Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets. Samples free. State sex. DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

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It has been used in France for twenty-five years, and exceeds in popularity any other French preparation.

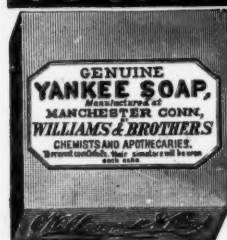
It prevents Malaria, Cures Malarial Fevers, tones up the system, and invigorates the life.

It is sold universally, or by

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Offer No. 174.

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CELESTINO PALACIO & CO.'S**LA ROSA****AND EL TELECRAFO****KEY WEST HAVANA CIGARS.**

For sale by all first-class dealers throughout the United States.

A POINT which good citizens always forget: The A B C of politics must be learned at the primaries.—*Omaha World.*

Beware of counterfeits. Salvation Oil will cure your aches and pains. Price, 25 cents. It is important to check a cough at once. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will do so. 25 cents.

FROM THE HOME

OF THE FAMOUS

TOKAY WINES.

What the Hungarian Trade Papers Say About Them.

Report of **ARMIN VARNAI** to the President of the "Tolcsva Association for Grape Culture and Wine Production." (Copied from the number of November 28th, 1886, of the *Magyar Kereskedelmi Lapja*, or, the "Organ of the Hungarian Merchants.")" . . . We have to make mention of one laudable exception among the purchasers of genuine Tokay Wines, and this is the firm of **A. HELLER & CO.**, in Budapest and New York. The aforementioned world-renowned house, as in former years, spares no efforts to secure the best and purest qualities right here in the valleys of the Tokay Mountains, regardless of the prices asked by the growers. The New York Branch of **A. HELLER & CO.** (A. Heller & Bro., 35 & 37 Broad Street, and 307 & 309 E. 54th Street), by the way, deserves great credit for having popularized on the other side of the Atlantic the judgment and acknowledgement for genuine Tokay Wines and Aszu, and at the same time opening a market for these articles in the New World . . . "**ZEMPLÉN**, the Official Gazette of the Local Government of the Province of Zemplén, speaks on the same subject as follows:" . . . The judgment for genuine Tokay Wines is in America more general than in the capital of Hungary. During a period of ten years not nearly as great a quantity of that noblest of wines has been shipped to Budapest, as the New York Branch of **A. HELLER & CO.** has imported yearly, and what is more, they were exclusively of prime quality and mellow old age."**A GRAND GIFT** To introduce our wonderful Self-operating Washing Machine, we will GIVE ONE away in every town. Best in the World. No labor or rubbing. SEND FOR ONE to the **NATIONAL CO.**, 23 Dey Street, New York.REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK
The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.

The most POWERFUL and PLEASANT of all PREPARATIONS in use.

Fragrant, Non-poisonous, does not stain Linen.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Fluid, for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.**"SANITAS"** Disinfecting Powder, a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &c.**"SANITAS"** Crude Disinfecting Fluid, a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &c.**"SANITAS"** Disinfecting Oil, for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.**"Sanitas"** Disinfecting Toilet and Laundry Soaps, &c., &c.

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"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

"A PEOPLE'S HEALTH IS A NATION'S WEALTH."

"SANITAS" IS NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

To be had of all Druggists and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co., Ltd.,
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GRAND CHAMPAGNE.**FELIX JACQUIN,**

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Highest Grade Imported.

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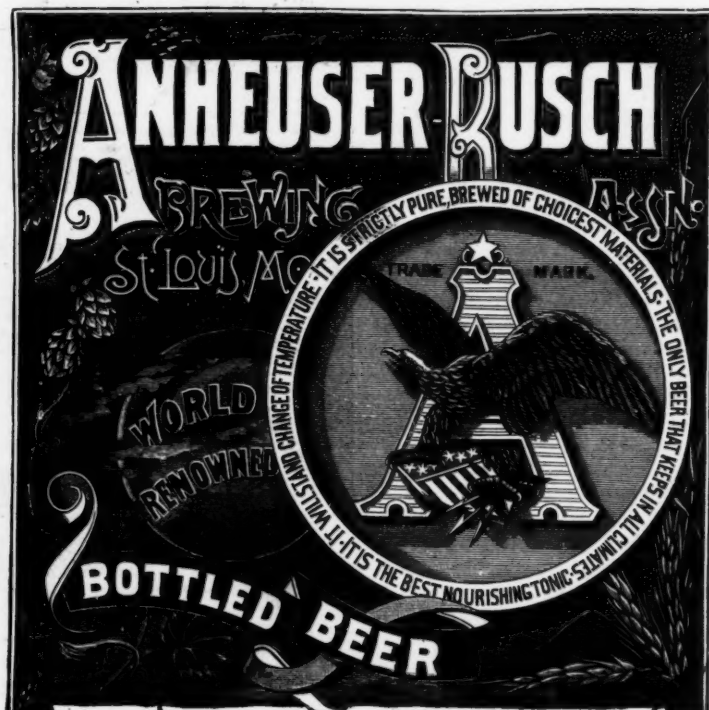
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America's Favorite



Lager Beer

HOW I GOT IT AND HOW I LOST IT!

By A. E. GRAHAM.
129 State Street, Boston, Mass.

"Facts, Facts, Facts are what we want!"—Gradgrind.

*I hurried out with silly haste,
Fearing too much time 't would waste
My rubber shoes to reach and don;
So in a twinkling I was gone.*

*The snow was deep, and my thin shoes
Soon got soaked through, and wet my feet;
And then I shivered, as with "blues,"
And punishment came, quite just and meet.*

*For it lacked but two days of a week
From this event, that I was seized;
Sciatic pains, in fury aught but meek
Caught hold my limb. I was not pleased.*

*I saw the doctor, then another,
I paid their bills, the druggists' too;
And then I saw the doctor's brother,
But no relief—and dollars flew.*

*"Take a long trip to climates warm,"
They said; so I obeyed, and went
In search of lands where darkeys swarm
Till my small stock of wealth was spent.*

*So all those months I suffered pain,
Until I vowed in my disgust,
Doctors I'd ne'er consult again;
And let the pains stay if they must.*

*Thus patiently resigned, I read
The daily papers, and did see
An advertisement, which said,
"Scotch Oats Essence" would cure me.*

*"Ah! Pook!! I said, 'physicians' talent
'Has battled with my pain and ache;
'How can it be that Essence patent
'Can cure my case, for goodness sake?'"*

*I read it daily, then I said,
'I'll do like the lady pressed by lover,
Marry to rid him;' so she wed.
I bought a bottle, then another.*

*My friends all laughed (at what they called
'Patent Medicine') without limit;
And I laughed too, for soon I bawled,
'I'm cured, & Scotch Oats Essence did it."*

By the Original Sufferer.

A. E. GRAHAM.

Boston, Dec. 2nd, 1887.

SCOTCH OATS ESSENCE CO.,

New York.

Dear Sirs:

I have great pleasure in tendering
you, together with my thanks for being cured
of Sciatica, my humble tribute to SCOTCH
OATS ESSENCE. It is a true history of my
case. Yours very truly,

A. E. GRAHAM.

AGENTS Send 25 cts. for a Pen & Pencil Stamp

Your name and bottle of ink. Send 10c. extra for Catalogue and Greatest
Offer to Agents. cost of Catalogue returned when orders amount to \$1.00.
EXCELSIOR RUBBER STAMP WORKS,
154 Gay and Lombard Sts., Baltimore, Md.

FAT OF FOLKS
using "Anti-Corpulence Pills" lose 15 lbs. a
month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never
fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

THE NATIONAL REMEDY FOR THE SKIN.
HOP OINTMENT
PRAISED BY ALL. Cures
Chapped Lips, Hands, Sore-nose, and Cold-
cracks. All forms of Chapped, Rough, Red
Pimply Skin made soft and clear. Cures pimples,
bites, burns, cuts, salt rheum, piles, and sores of
all kinds. Once tried you will always use it. Prepared by
a chemist. 25c. at druggists or mailed. Buy, try, judge!
(A cure guaranteed). HOP PILL CO., New London, Ct.

\$1,000 REWARD!

We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat
trouble (last stages of disease excepted), which can
not be relieved by a proper use of Dr. X. Stone's
Bronchial Wafers. Sample free. Address
STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Ill.

There is a silver lining to every cloud.
Though coal is high this winter, there has been
no great advance in thermometers.—Exchange.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in
his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple
vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Con-
sumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung
Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility
and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful
curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to
make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive
and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge,
to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English,
with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by ad-
dressing with stamp, naming this paper:

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ducements to Agents to take orders for
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157 W. F. BENNETT & Co., Auburn, N. Y.

For CATARRH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION.



Used the same as an ordinary
pillow, and only at night. No
pipes or tubes. Perfectly safe
to the most delicate. The medi-
cine is breathed in, not swal-
lowed, and goes right to the
diseased parts of the air-pas-
sages, from the nostrils to the
bottom of the lungs. From the
very first night the passages
are clearer and the inflamma-
tion is less. The cure is sure,
and reasonably rapid.

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1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

BRANCH OFFICE: 25 East 14th Street, New York.

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by the only sure method. Strict Diet and nauseous drugs un-
necessary. New Treatise, with full instructions How to Act,
sent in plain sealed envelope for 6 stamps.
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From Garret to Cellar, in the Lau-
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Bath Room—JAMES PYLE'S
PEARLINE has its place. There's
nothing too coarse—nothing
too fine for it.

With the aid of PEARLINE
a delicate woman can clean
house and wash clothes. It vir-
tually takes the place of hard work, and
is perfectly harmless; in fact, your things
last longer, because you do not have to
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PEARLINE is for sale everywhere, but

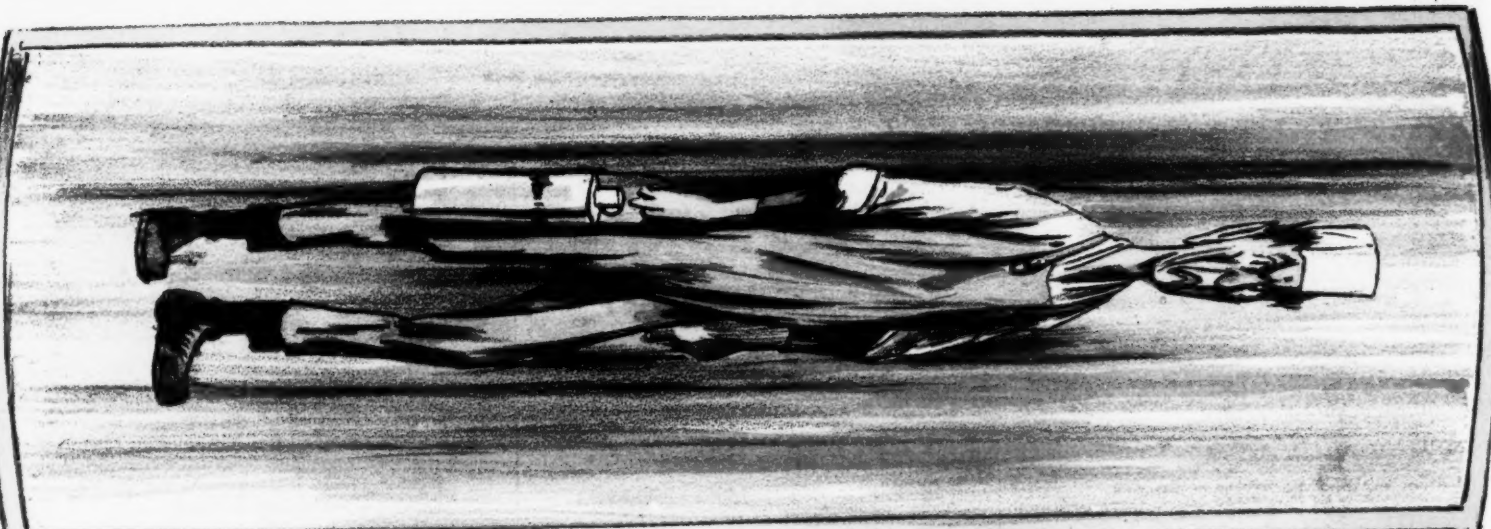
beware of the numerous imitations which are peddled
from door to door—they are dangerous.

GREENWAY'S INDIA PALE
ENGLISH **MILK**
TRADE MARK
"IN GLASS OR WOOD"
"FULLY EQUAL TO THE"
"BEST IMPORTED" FOR FAMILY or CLUB USE
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The GREENWAY BREWING Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

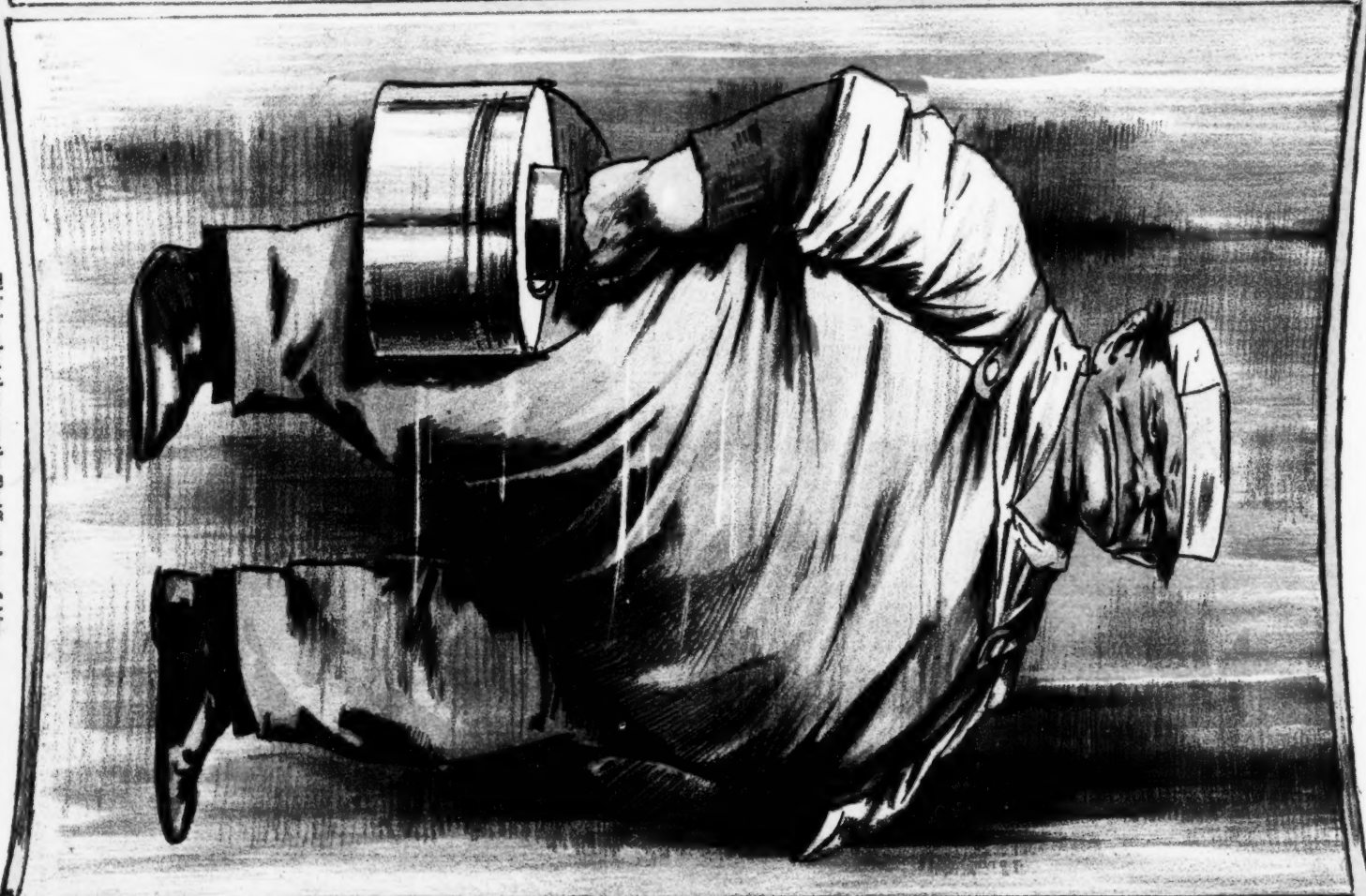
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An Inexhaustible Mine of Mirth and Clean Cut Fun, Twenty-five Cents; by mail, Thirty Cents.
PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Crops One, Two, Three and Four, by mail, to one address, \$1.00.

Address THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, New York.

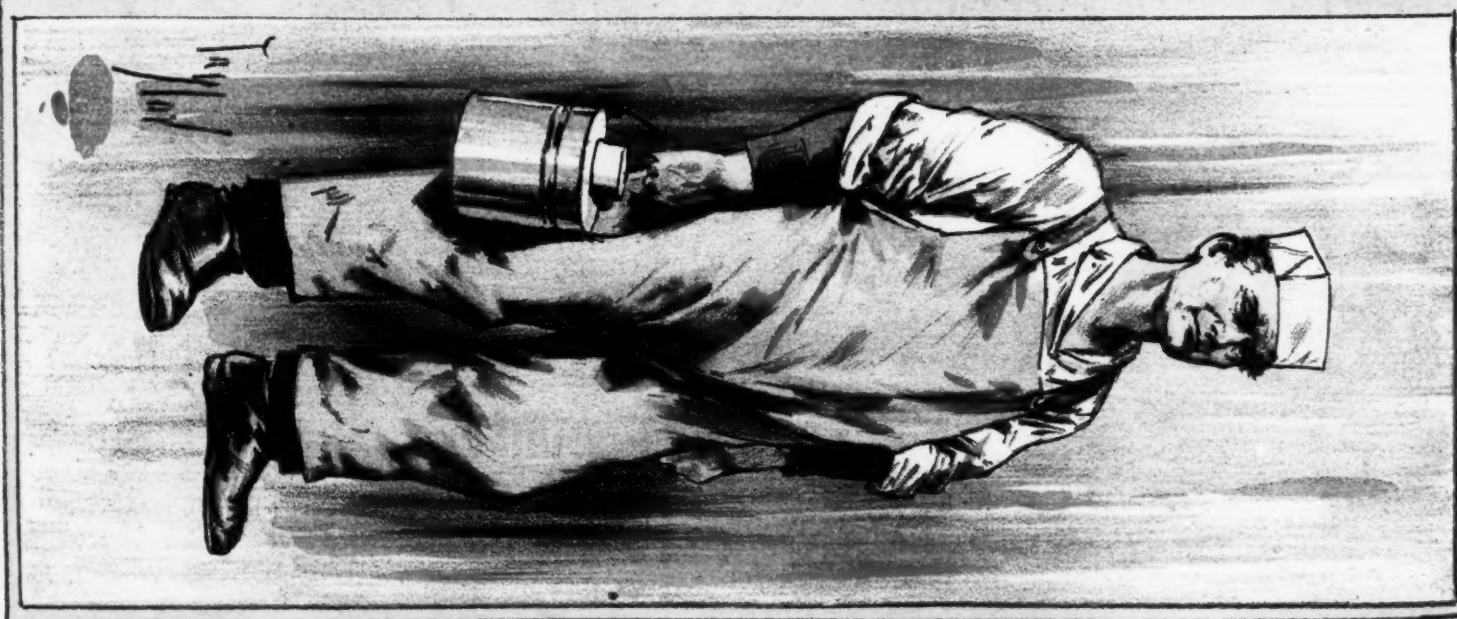


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This is what they say the Tariff makes of him.

THREE MIRRORS HELD UP TO NATURE.



But We think the Tariff Reform Mirror does him justice.